

782.8

C570

1867

Stephenson & Co.

OUT OF SIGHT,

Operetta,

IN ONE ACT.

MUSIC BY

MR. FREDERIC CLAY;

WORDS BY

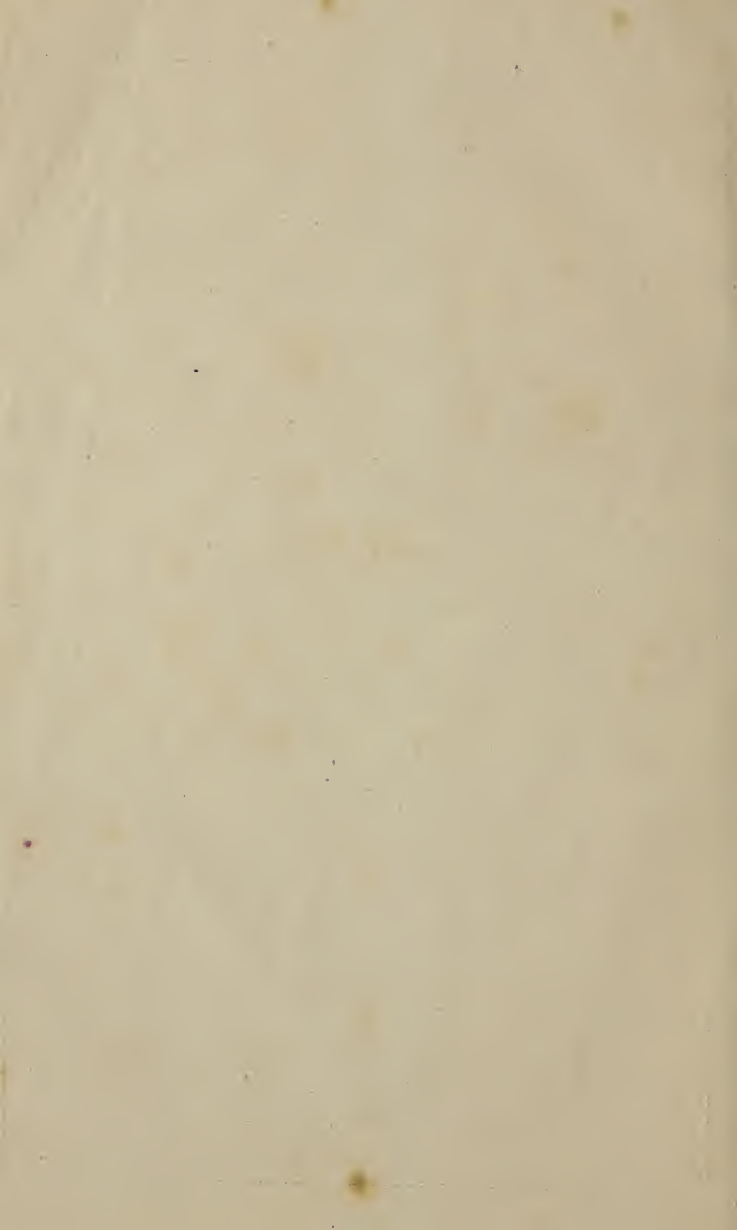
MR. CHARLES STEPHENSON.

Westminster:

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Dramatis Personæ.



Katarina (<i>Daughter to Pedro</i>)	
General Villebois (<i>a French General</i>).....	
Lieutenant de Blancmange (<i>his Aide-de-Camp</i>) ...	
Gonzales (<i>a Brigand disguised as a Priest</i>)	
Pedro (<i>an Innkeeper: his Confederate</i>)	
Jacques (<i>Servant to General Villebois</i>).....	



Scene A Village in Spain.

Period The Peninsular War.

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OUT OF SIGHT.

Interior of an Inn. Enter PEDRO, with a Letter.

Pedro (reads). "In consequence of information with which I have been supplied, that your house is able to contain more persons than I had been led to believe, this is to inform you that you will be required to provide quarters for two officers and ten men of the Third Regiment of Cuirassiers, which will arrive in the course of the day. It is particularly requested that this arrangement may not interfere with the comfort of General Villebois and his staff."

Confound these Frenchmen! what am I to do?
I've got another room, that's very true;
But then its full of little odds and ends—
Sweet souvenirs of dear departed friends;
Swords, pistols, muskets, helmets by the score,
Of French and English, lie behind that door,
Besides two butts of sherry, old and dry,
Never intended for the public eye,
And how these pretty things to stow away!

Enter KATARINA.

Pedro. I'm lost, my darling child; just read that letter.

Katarina (after reading). More soldiers coming? well, so much the better.

Pedro. What! like the soldiers of a foreign foe!

Kat. If they like me why shouldn't it be so?

Pedro. But girl, that room—!

Kat. That room?

Pedro. I don't mean that.

(Hesitating) That is to say—*(Aside)* Oh, what have I been at?

(Aloud) There's nothing there; nothing, indeed, my child;

(Aside) This horrible suspense will drive me wild.

July 56. Clark

Kat. Father, there is some secret on your mind,
Which you have kept from me; this is unjust—unkind.

Pedro. I cannot—I implore you not to ask.

Kat. (aside). To find this out henceforth shall be my task.

Jacques (without). Pedro! Pedro!

[*Enters.*

The General wants his breakfast. Come, I say,
Don't keep my master waiting all the day.
I'll help you.

Pedro. Don't disturb yourself, I pray;
Don't stir; (*aside*) he may be useful at a pinch.

Jacques. Don't be alarmed, I shall not move an inch.

[*Exit PEDRO.*

Kat. Oh, Jacques, how could you treat my father so?
You're younger, and you really ought to go.

Jacques. One rule in life I follow with a will,
"When you can get a friend to move, sit still."
Besides, I wished to be alone with you.
Be kind to me, just for this once, now *do*.

Kat. Am I not always kind? You *must* find fault.

DUETTINO.

JACQUES.

And have I not cause to complain?
For weeks I have been a fond lover.
I have told you again and again
I won't let you flirt with another.
Sometimes with disdain you will treat me,
And turn a deaf ear to my plaint,
With sneers and fine airs you will meet me,
It's fit to distract any saint.

KATARINA.

And have I not cause to complain?
Do you doubt *me*, so loving and true?
I have told you again and again,
You know that I love none but you.

Kat. (angry). I have lost all patience with you. If you think
That I'll submit to this, you're wrong. No link

Shall tie me down to such a man. Now go!

I never want to see you more. [*Bursts into tears.*]

Jacques. Don't treat me so,
Indeed I didn't mean to give you pain,
Upon my word it shan't occur again.

Kat. Well, but— [*Jacques kisses her.*]

Jacques. There now, let's have no more,
Sing me a song. I know you have a store.
[*Takes a guitar from the wall and puts it into her hands.*]

Kat. But, Jacques, I really don't know what to sing.

Jacques. Oh! nonsense! everyone says that; begin.

SONG (KATARINA.)

Why linger here in the summer night
Far from the merry throng?
Dost thou not love in the evening light
To join in the dance and song?

The maids of Seville are gathering round
To the tinkling of guitars,
They dance to-night on the mossy ground
To the light of the clustering stars.

Then come with me to the moonlit glades,
'Neath the shade of the orange tree,
The fairest of all the dark-eyed maids
Shall dance to-night with thee.

Jacques. When you're my wife you'll sing to me
While I'm at work.

Kat. (*sighing*) Ah! Jacques! when will that be?

Jacques. My master is in daily expectation
Of orders to return to France. The nation
Requires our services at home. I go
With him, and you with me.

Kat. But Jacques you know
My father to oppose our match is bent.

Jacques. You'll have to go without papa's consent.

Enter GONZALES with a large carpet bag. Exit KATARINA hurriedly.

Gonzales. Your servant, sir, I wish to see the host.

Jacques. Who can this be? A mummy or a ghost?

Gonzales (aside). He looks suspicious, and a soldier too!
A Frenchman! How I hate the entire nation!
Besides, my bag won't bear investigation,
With all its sweet contents. He'll want to know
How they got there; perhaps I'd better go.

DUET.

GONZALES.

Pray pardon this hurried intrusion,
To you it may seem somewhat rude,
I was under a foolish illusion,
And did not intend to intrude.

JACQUES.

Don't mention the circumstance, pray sir,
No apology for it is due;
Let me beg and entreat you to stay, sir;
Take a chair and be seated, now do.

TOGETHER (*aside*).

I feel it my duty to mention,
A matter that weighs on my mind,
He's here with some evil intention,
He looks very badly inclined.

Gonzales. Since you are so very pressing, sir, I'll stay.

(*Aside.*) I wish he'd go; I want to stow away
My bag. (*Aloud.*) I fear that I'm detaining you.

Jacques. Oh! not at all! I've not much to do.

Gen. (without.) Where are my boots?

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. The general wants his boots.

Jacques. Oh! call again.
Faith, I'm the hardest worked of mortal men.

SONG.

JACQUES.

Not a moment's rest by day,
 Not a wink of sleep at night;
 Must I ever work away
 Till of life I'm weary quite?
 No! I really cannot do
 What's the work of twenty men;
 But it's positively true
 That I do the work of ten.

Though the last to bed at night,
 I must get up in the dark,
 For I'm up before it's light,
 Some would say before the lark;
 But I'm sure that's quite absurd,
 For the lark, I've always said,
 Is a dissipated bird,
 And never goes to bed.

All the day there's work to do;
 Every moment some one calls,
 "Jacques! you villain! where are you?"
 My respected master bawls;
 Pedro, too, says "Jacques, my friend,
 If you've got some time to spare—
 Might I ask you? Would you mend?—
 They're my only Sunday pair.

Not a moment's rest by day, &c."

[*Exit.*

Pedro. Oh! here's bad news, my friend; a dreadful blow.

Gonzales. What bad news can there be with this to show?
 A wonderful addition to our store. [*Pointing to his carpet bag.*
 Two thousand dollars worth and rather more.

Pedro. What shall I do? Alas! I dread to tell.
 There, read this letter. [*Gives him the letter.*

Enter KATARINA at back.

Gonzales (after reading). What a shocking sell,
 And should a Frenchman get within that room,
 It does not want much thought to name our doom.

But stay! a bright idea has crossed my mind,
 Suppose some pretext we could find
 To keep them out.

Pedro. Supposing, happy thought!
 But it's too late, alas! I fear were caught.

Gonzales. Not so, my friend, now listen to my plan,
 Villebois is known to be a "lady's man."
 'Tis said he can't refuse a woman's prayer,
 Tell him two ladies are in hiding there,
 Who, trusting to his courtesy well known,
 Would beg most humbly to be left alone.
 He's sure to write accordingly, the dolt,
 Meanwhile, I'll pack up everything and bolt.

(As he turns he sees Katarina, who has been trying the door of room.)

Pedro. And might I ask how long have you been here?
 And whether you've been listening, my dear?

(Katarina nods her head.)

Of course, and equally of course you heard?

Kat. All that you said.

Gonzales. What all!

Kat. Yes, every word.

Gonzales. Refreshing candour!

Pedro (in great agitation). What is to be done?

Gonzales. The lady must be made to hold her tongue.

TRIO.

GONZALES.

Not a word,
 What you heard

Was not meant for you to hear;
 Keep it still,
 And you will
 Never have a cause to fear.

KATARINA.

I agree,
Trust to me
To respect my father's feeling;
I must say,
By the way,
It looks very much like stealing.

PEDRO.

Silence! Mum!
Hold your tongue,
To a father's prayer attend;
Would you bring,
Me and him,
To a miserable end?

GONZALES.

If you won't,
And you don't,
Lend a willing ear to reason;
Have a care,
For I wear
In my belt a foe to treason.

KATARINA.

Never fear,
Father dear,
For your secret now is mine;
But I fain
Would complain.
Trust to me another time.

PEDRO AND GONZALES.

Oh! my dear,
Never fear,
For the property is mine;
I'll explain,
How I came
By the goods another time.

[Exit GON.]

Enter GENERAL, his AIDE-DE-CAMP, and JACQUES.

Pedro. Most noble sir, one word might I presume.

Gen. Say what you have to say, and leave the room.

SONG.

PEDRO.

On behalf of two ladies, assistance I crave,
Well aware of your nature, so gentle and brave.
They trust you will lend them your powerful aid,
To resist an attempt which some persons have made
To disturb their repose. They are both young and fair.
Oh! let me intreat you to second their prayer.

Gen. These ladies, then, inhabit that room?

Pedro.

Yes.

Gen. There's no necessity their cause to press.

[PEDRO bows and exits]

The GENERAL sits down to the table and writes.

Blanc. (aside) Two ladies—lovely creatures in distress,
I rather think I see a chance for me.

QUINTETT.

BLANCMANGE.

Never was such a sweet surprise
For a gallant heart,
Neat little forms and coal-black eyes,
Marks for Cupid's dart.

KATARINA.

Scarcely can I believe my eyes,
That such shallow art,
Easily thus should save the prize
With which they thought to part.

JACQUES.

Never did I feel more surprise
That such shallow art,
Easily thus should blind their eyes!
He'll rue this e'er we part.

GONZALES (*peeping through the door*).

Scarcely can I believe my eyes,
That such shallow art,
Easily thus should save the prize
With which I thought to part. [Disappears.

GENERAL.

Why should you view this with surprise?
In a gallant heart,
Mercy and valour, close allies,
Are seldom found apart. [Exit JAC.

Gen. (*to Blanc*.) You will be good enough to take this letter
To the Alcade. Tell him it will be better
For his own interests if he meets my wishes.
At the same time you will find out for me
What are the orders of the day, and see
What news has reached the town since yesterday. [Exit. BLANC.

Gen. (*going towards the door*.) I wonder what they're like.
Peeps through the keyhole.) I cannot see.
But now I hear a step. Ah! that must be
The eldest, by her staid and sober tread,
It might be lighter, for it sounds like lead.
I don't know how to manage it all.
I hardly like to knock. A morning call
Without an introduction would be rude—
And yet I feel to-day just in the mood,
A little mild flirtation would amuse me.
I have it—yes! a song shall introduce me.

SONG.

Farewell! The trumpet calls to arms,
But in the midst of war's alarms
I'll think of thee.

*The General, after being subjected to numerous interruptions,
abandons the idea of singing any more of his song.*

[GENERAL L.U.E. *knocks at the door, at first gently,
afterwards several times very hard.*

Kat. (*from without*). Come in! come in!

[GENERAL knocks again.]

KATARINA enters.

Kat. Why don't you come in when you are told?
What! no one here?

Gen. (*not observing Katarina, and speaking through the keyhole.*)
Ladies! don't think me bold.

Kat. The General here! I wonder what he is doing.

Gen. Forgive, I pray, the abruptness of my wooing.
[KATARINA advances on tiptoe behind the GENERAL.]

Gen. This really is too bad. They will not hear.
[He turns suddenly and perceives KATARINA.]
And what on earth has brought you here, my dear?

Kat. Your knocking.

Gen. She has caught me, that's quite plain.
Look here! you need not mention this again;

Kat. (*aside*). Now, what can he mean?
I'd better make the best of it, I ween.
(*Aloud.*) I fear that you will think me very bold,
My silence, Sir, shall not be bought with gold,
Give your consent that I may marry Jacques,
And promise that you will not take him back
To France—and not a word will I let out.
(*Aside.*) I wonder what the secret is about.

Gen. (*aside*.) Oh what a charming girl! (*Aloud.*) Of course
I'll meet your views.
Meanwhile, this little offering I'm sure you won't refuse.

Enter BLANCMANGE.

Blanc. A thousand pardons. I was not aware—

Gen. No joking, Sir! What letters have you there?

[BLANCMANGE presents despatches, which the
GENERAL reads.]

Gen. Ah! I must be off at once.

Blanc. (aside.) And now, in tones of tenderness and love,
I'll woo these fair one's, and my passion prove.

[KATARINA sits down to work R.]

I can't begin my song till she's away.

I won't detain you here. You needn't stay.

Kat. Thank you. This work will keep me here all day.

Ensemble.

KAT.

Yes, here to-day,
I mean to stay,
Till he's away,
And I'm alone.

BLANC.

She seems to say,
I mean to stay
The live long day,
Till she is gone.

Blanc. If people knew when people were *de trop*.

Kat. What will you say if I consent to go?

But I don't go for nothing. Oh! dear no.

On marrying Jacques my heart has long been bent;

You must obtain the General's consent.

Blanc. Of course I will look on on the thing as done.

My hand on it.

Kat.

Then look on me as gone.

Ensemble.

And now away,
I've won the day.

Away, away,
No longer stay.

[Exit KAT.]

Blanc.

That charming pair

Are still within that room. I'll try what arts

Of voice and tone will touch their hearts.

BARCAROLE.

My boat is ready, the wind is fair,

The scented breath of the Summer air,

Laden with odours from the vale,

Is whispering love as it fills the sail:

There's a fond caress and a seat at my side

For her that I love, and the flowing tide

Is murmuring "Come, Oh! come with me,

O'er the crested wave of the dark blue sea."

If friends are faithless, the world unkind,
 Then leave the world and its cares behind;
 Forget its sorrows, and find thy rest
 On the wide expanse of the ocean's breast;
 While I hold in my arms thy form so dear,
 And whisper what never a soul shall hear—
 For there's none to listen but thee and me,
 And the wind and the waves of the dark blue sea.

Enter JACQUES.

Blanc. No voice! no sound!
 I never was so badly used before.
 I've more than half a mind to break the door.

[*Sees JACQUES watching him.*

(*Aside*) Confound that Jacques, he must have seen, I fear,
 What I was after. [*Suddenly seizing JACQUES by the throat.*
 But I'll make you rue it.

Jacques. Oh! please! indeed I didn't mean to do it.
 Have pity, sir! oh! mercy! loose my collar!

Blanc. (*letting Jacques go, and after a pause.*) I was a little
 hasty; here's a dollar.
 But remember!
 Nothing particular has caught your eye. [*Exit.*

Jacques. Now, what is all this mystery about?
 Is it, or is it not, worth finding out?
 I've a strong suspicion on my mind,
 That the priest and landlord have combined
 To do my master; now, it is my duty,
 First, to secure a portion of the booty,
 Which I'm certain in that room they've hoarded;
 And then to show them up, and get rewarded;
 But how to catch them! they're a cunning pair.
 Ah! hark! I hear a footstep on the stair,
 I'll hide myself. [*Gets under the table.*

Enter PEDRO and GONZALES stealthily.

TRIO.

Pedro. They're all gone out, there's no one in the way.
How well the plan succeeded—but I say,
We'd best remove them soon, and ere they go,
I'd like to have a list, that we may know
What we have really got.

Gonzales. I thought so too.
I have one already, which I'll read to you.

Jacques (under the table). You sneaking scoundrels!

Gonzales (to Pedro). What was that you said? I thought you spoke.

Pedro (to Gonzales). What was that you said? I thought you spoke.

Gonzales (after looking round). Oh! it was nothing.

Pedro. Read the precious list.
Now are you sure no article you've missed
For your own benefit.

Gonzales. Can you suppose?

Jacques (aside). How I should like to pull his nose.

Gonzales to Pedro and } What did you say?

Pedro to Gonzales } But I am positive somebody spoke.

Gonzales. Don't be a fool! but listen while I read. [Reads.
First come two butts of wine.

Pedro. Sherry, old and dry.

Jacques (aside). I'll make that sherry mine,
Or know the reason why.

Gonzales (reading). Two bags of Spanish gold,
Four bags of British coin.

Jacques (aside). I can't hear what he says,
It's dreadfully annoying.

Gonzales (reading). A case of diamond rings,
A chest of silver plate,
Most valuable things.
Then picture frames—just eight,

Ten boxes of cigars,
 And then amongst the lumber,
 Six swords, four iron bars,
 And orders without number.
 Eight strings of amber beads
 Upon the further shelf,
 And so the list proceeds!
 There, read it for yourself.

[*Gives PEDRO the list.*]

PEDRO AND GONZALES.

Now ample spoil has blessed our toil,
 We'll give up our evil ways,
 All trouble o'er, we'll steal no more,
 And honestly end our days.

JACQUES.

Your ill-got spoil has blessed my toil,
 I've found out your evil ways,
 As I said before, I'll share your store,
 In a prison you'll end your days.

[*He moves the table.*]

Pedro (terrified.) The table moved. Some superhuman power
 Is working mischief in this room. Our hour—
 Is come.

Gonzales (to Pedro as he lifts up the tablecloth and discovers Jacques). Look here, you idiot, can you trace
 Aught that is superhuman in this face?

[*Pulling JACQUES from under the table.*]

Come out, my friend. The trick was clever,
 But it has cost you dear, my worthy man,
 Your thread of life has now run out its span.

Jacques. Oh, pray allow me half a moment to explain,
 There's some mistake, kind gentlemen. It is plain
 You've taken me for some one else. I swear
 'Twas accidental.

Gonzales.

What! your hiding there?

Jacques. I generally sit there when at home,
 Indeed, I may say, always; so forgive—

Gonzales. Come, come, enough! you haven't long to live.

Pedro to (Gonzales). Now *do* be careful, mind what you're about;

Don't cut his throat, suppose we were found out.

Gonzales. Silence; once give this man his life our lives are his.

To JACQUES with solemnity.

In idle prayers like these waste no more breath;

Think of your sins, my son, prepare for death.

[Takes a dagger from his breast.

Jacques. One moment more.

Gonzales. Two minutes from this time,
And then one blow; my stroke is quite sublime.

Jacques (aside to Pedro). One chance remains. Pedro you
have a knife:

Oh! lend it me, and save my life.

Pedro (aside to Jacques). You couldn't use it, if I lent it you;
He'd cut your throat, and then he'd cut mine too.

Gonzales. I'm loth to interrupt your conversation
By any unpleasant observation;
But I must beg my friend to recollect
His time is up; I cannot wait all day;
It won't take long, nor give you any pain!
Take your choice of artery or vein.
Ha! ha! *(laughs.)*

Jaques. I must confess I cannot see the joke.

Gonzales. Come, come, waste no more time. *[Seizes JAC.*

Jacques. But I will not die without a struggle. *[They struggle.*

Enter KATARINA.

Jacques. Help! help! they are going to murder me!

Kat. What does this mean?

Gonzales. At any other time I will explain.

(Aside). There seems no reason why I should remain.

*[As he goes towards the door L.U.E. BLANCMANGE
with some Soldiers enter.*

Blanc. Aha! my friends, I've found you at last;
So that room where two ladies were supposed to be,
Is crammed full of goods which we weren't to see.
Seize him!

[*Soldiers seize PEDRO.*]

Enter the GENERAL.

Gen. What means this noise? Why are these people here?

[*Everybody makes a motion to speak.*]

Gen. One at a time, and, if you please will you speak first.

(*to Blanc.*)

Blanc. Then prepare at once to hear the worst—
You recollect this morning.

Jacques. Yes, this very day.

Gen. Will you keep quiet? (*to Blanc.*) You were about to say—

Blanc. That you must recollect your having granted
Your kind protection to two young ladies.

Jacques (aside). Two ladies, lovely creatures in distress.

Blanc. We have both been duped by this audacious pair,
Instead of ladies being hidden there—
Within that room was stored a heap of treasure.

Gen. Oh! this is bad beyond all measure.
Hang them at once upon the nearest tree.

Gonzales. In this bad world such things must ever be;
While guilt escapes the dreadful penalty,
Poor innocence must suffer silently.

Jacques (to Gonzales). You tried to cut my throat; come, that
you can't deny.

Gonzales. I pardon you my son, for such a lie.

[*Sound of drums, &c., without.*]

Enter a Soldier hurriedly with a letter, which he gives to the

GENERAL.

Gen. (reads). "The English are advancing in great force
towards the town. Collect what troops you can. We must
fight every inch of the ground—"

My horse at once (*to Blanc.*), and you, sir, follow me.

Release those men.

[GONZALES & PEDRO *congratulate one another, and embrace.*

FINALE (*all*).

What sound so sweet to the soldier's ear
 As the sound of call to arms,
 What note so joyous, what tone so clear,
 What music so full of charms.

Hark! it rings in the hills about,
 How brightly glistens each eye.
 The call is obeyed with a joyous shout,
 They know that the foe is nigh.

[*Exeunt* GENERAL, BLANCMANGE, and *Soldiers hurriedly, leaving*
 PEDRO, GONZALES, KATARINA, and JACQUES.

FINIS.



